THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

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THE

HEIR OF THE HOUSE OF OLDFIELD.

A MORAL TALE

(*By Mr. Harriſon.*)

IT is a maxim recognized by every obſerver of depraved human nature, "that he who has been baſe enough eſſentially to injure the innocent, never forgives them." We may add, that miſcreants of this deſcription frequently purſue, with relentleſs hatred, even the poſterity of thoſe whom they have thus offended. Yet let it be remembered, that if implacable villainy kindles with malice againſt the injured victims; it is becauſe their preſence, and even their exiſtence, reminds him of his guilt, and makes him tremble for the dreaded retribution.

David Siniſter had been forty years ſteward and ſolicitor to Henry Oldfield, Eſq. one of the richeſt and moſt reſpectable families in the county of Hereford; and, at the time of that gentleman's deceaſe, he had contrived to amaſs a fortune of about as many thouſand pounds. This ample ſum however, ſerved only to inſpire him with the diabolical deſire of compleatly plundering his maſter's heir of the family-eſtate, a deſign which he ſoon found means effectually to execute. To enumerate the various artifices by which this abominable plan was accompliſhed, would be but to lay open thoſe dreadful ſcenes of iniquity which are every day practiſing, and againſt which no human laws can poſſibly protect, with certainty, the hapleſs victims of an infernal confederation.

The young man ſtruggled but a ſhort time with his hard fate; but he lived long enough to leave behind, at the age of twenty-five, a fine boy only two years old, whoſe mother had, about three months before, fallen the victim of a pulmonary complaint.

Her father, the curate of a ſmall village, in the county of Cambridge, took the infant under his protection: and not only made him acquainted with the rudiments of learning; but, what was of far higher value, implanted in his tender mind, the unfeigned love of virtue, and a firm reliance on Providence. He was himſelf of a conſumptive habit; and had long looked forward to the event which was to ſend the poor heir of the houſe of Oldfield houſeleſs into the world. Yet he would ſuddenly check the tear of apprehenſion, which his pious ſoul deemed ſinful; and, preſſing the poor youth to his breaſt, as he ſuſtained him on his trembling knees, he would ſing with the moſt celeſtial ſweetneſs and fervour, as if under the immediate inſpiration of Heaven——

He who the raven's wants ſupplies,
For all his creatures will provide;
To Him I raiſe my ardent eyes,
In Him my trembling lips confide:
And He, when my freed ſpirit's fled,
Shall give my boy his daily bread!

The fatal hour at length arrived; and Harry, then little more than fifteen years of age, having wept over the grave of his laſt earthy friend, bowed to the will of the Father of the fatherleſs, with aſtoniſhing reſignation. The effects of the worthy old gentleman were barely ſufficient to diſcharge his trifling debts, and defray the funeral expences; and with ſomething leſs than ten pounds in his pocket, this well-educated little orphan had the prudence to conſider by what means he ſhould obtain more, before this ſmall ſum became exhauſted. At firſt he thought of trying his fortune in London; but this deſign was abandoned, the inſtant he recollected—what his grandfather had ſaid reſpecting the vices of the metropolis, and the many dangers to which friendleſs innocence and inexperienced youth are there expoſed. Some employ, however, he reſolved to ſeek; and his heart ſighed to viſit the family ſtate of Oldfield Hall, which he had heard ſo frequently and ſo feelingly deſcribed. He was ſenſible of the height from which his poor father has fallen; and felt an ardent deſire to viſit the ſcene of his family's proſperous days. He flattered himſelf, ſome perſon might be left in the neighbourhood, who would kindly afford him food for his labour; and, at any rate, he conceived that he could ſuſtain every hardſhip, on the ſpot where Heaven had formerly ſhowered for them ſo many bleſſings. "Surely," thought he," I ſhall not be driven from fields, that were once theirs, without a few ſcattered ears of corn! I ſhall not be denied ſome ſmall portion of the fruits that are free for "Nature's commoners." Nor Heaven, that has hitherto provided for me, will not there forſake me! My footſteps may ſometimes preſs the paths where they have trod; my eyes will behold views with which they have been delighted. I ſhall there eat the bread of health, I ſhall there drink the waters of temperance, and be happy!" Theſe were the reflections that impelled him to ſet out for Herefordſhire; and that enabled him to "go on his way rejoicing," during a tedious journey of near a hundred and fifty miles.

He reached the abode of his anceſtors late in the evening; and crept, unperceived, into an outhouſe, where he ſlept peacefully till the morning.

He aroſe ſoon after the ſun; and walked muſing over the delightful grounds; and his eyes, now ſuffuſed with tears, and now brightening with pleaſure, ſurveyed every object with a ſecret but melancholy ſatisfaction. Ardently did he long to behold the internal parts of the family manſion! but this was a gratification not to be expected; at leaſt for the preſent.

In this manner did he wander ſeveral days; ſometimes ſleeping in the ſhed where he had repoſed the firſt night, and ſometimes reaching a ſmall and lonely alehouſe, about a mile diſtant, the only habitation he could find in the neighbourhood.

The preſent owner of Oldfield Hall, he knew, had been the former ſteward of the family; and he knew that his grandfather could never bear to hear the name of Siniſter mentioned, without viſible emotion; but he little thought that his father had been robbed of his inheritance by the machinations of the cruel monſter, and his heart entertained not the ſmalleſt prejudice againſt a man who he ſuppoſed had become the legal purchaſer of the eſtate.

David Siniſter happened at this time to be from home. He was attending the aſſizes at Hereford, where he had been to convict a man for ſheep-ſtealing; and who, though he had a wife and ſeven children almoſt ſtarving, and it was his firſt offence, immediately received ſentence of death, and was ordered for execution.

Having performed this act of juſtice, he returned with great ſatisfaction. It was a fine ſummer's evening; and, as he drew near home, he expatiated largely, to his ſervant, on the value of honeſty; and on the turpitude of criminally appropriating another's property, however trivial, even from the abſurd plea of neceſſity, which the malefactor had alone urged in his defence—"Property," cried he, "is ſo ſacred that I would hang my own brother, were he living, if he robbed me of a ſhilling to ſave himſelf from ſtarving!"

Scarcely had he uttered theſe words, when Harry Oldfield, who happened to be in the field next the road, where he was at that moment debating with his conſcience the propriety of drawing a turnip for his ſupper, and who now reſolved to run away from the temptation, haſtily aſcending the ſtile, preſented, acroſs the road, the ſhadow of his father, to the aſtoniſhed eyes of this ſtern diſpenſer of juſtice. The glance was tranſitory, as the electrick ſtroke; but, like the ſtroke of electricity, it thrilled through every fibre of his frame. The momentary check which it occaſioned to his horſe, and the deprivation of his ſpeech which it inſtantaneouſly effected, gave the youth time to leap over the oppoſite ſtile, before Siniſter could be thoroughly ſatisfied whether what he beheld was reality, or the effect of ſome ſupernatural appearance, the poſſibility of which he had never till that inſtant believed. As ſoon as he regained the power of utterance, though he feared to look back, he ventured to aſk his ſervant if he had ſeen any thing, and deſired him now to ride a little before. The ſervant had been ſurprized at his maſter's ſudden taciturnity; and he was now aſtoniſhed at his queſtion, as well as his requeſt: advancing his horſe, however, he inſtantly replied, that he had ſeen nothing but a poor boy, who had juſt haſtily croſſed the road. "Are you ſure it was a boy?" ſaid Siniſter; "the ſhadow appeared like that of a very tall man."—"La! Sir," replied the ſervant; "our ſhadows, you know, always grow longer at ſunſet!"—"That's true," replied Siniſter: "but ſtill——"

Here he pauſed—to conſider whether he was not about to ſay, what he might afterwards wiſh retracted: and, as they had now approached within half a mile of the houſe, not another ſyllable did he riſque till they arrived there.

At home, though he was ſurrounded with elegance, he had never poſſeſſed any other enjoyment than that of amaſſing wealth, which he had not the ſpirit to enjoy. For innocent amuſements he had no reliſh; reading was a waſte of time; and reflection was death. He was beloved by no human being: even his ſon, whom he waded through iniquity, and even blood itſelf, to ennoble, at once dreaded and deſpiſed him. His wife had long ſince fallen the victem to his cruelty; if, indeed, her death had not been haſtened by an artful ſtrumpet whom he had indiſcreetly made her companion,

and with whom he now openly cohabited. She, indeed, it is true, produced him a couple of children; but, if he had not been blinded by his abſurd attachment, he might have beheld what every one elſe plainly perceived, that in the countenance of his French valet, and not in his own looking-glaſs, their reſemblance was to be diſcovered.—— Monſieur's features were large, and his face was the rouged bronze of his country; his maſter's unpleaſingly diminutive, and his countenance the palid hue of condemned guilt. With this baſe woman did Sinifter ſpend moſt of his time; and, though her features were coarſe, her ſentiments groſſly vulgar, and her voice harſh as the raven's; ſo that it was impoſſible he could have loved her, had he been ſuſceptible of love; by ſubmitting to the tyranny of his temper, and pretending to an exceſs of affection for his perſon, ſhe entertaining hopes that her children would in the end poſſeſs Oldfield Hall, in ſpite even of his ſon, who might fall a victim to the diſſipation into which ſhe had provided he ſhould be tempted, while he was now making the tour of Europe.

To ſuch a companion, with all his weakneſs, he was much too cunning to unboſom himſelf. He had no appetite for the proviſion that was ſet before him; and, having laboured to drown reflection, by ſwallowing a plentiful quantity of brandy and water, he retired to his chamber.

It was in vain, however, that he endeavored to compoſe himſelf to reſt: his eyes were no ſooner cloſed, than the ſhadow of Harry Oldfield appeared before him. He opened them, and fancy conducted to his ear ſounds of criminal accuſation, and of menaced vengeance. He cloſed both his ears and eyes, yet voices ſeemed to ſpeak from within him; and the cries of the ſheep-ſtealer's wife and children, now imploring pardon, and now reproaching him with ſuperior guilt, while to his mind's eye they ſeemed ſhrieking around the agonized man, who was about to be launched into eternity; proved together too powerful for him; and leaping out of bed, with a loud cry he fell down in a ſwoon.

Though his houſekeeper lay in the next room, and neither ſhe nor Monſieur were aſleep, they did not think proper to hear him: weltering, therefore, in his blood, for he had cut his temples by the fall, he continued till nature gave him ſtrength ſufficiently recruited to reach the bell; when he immediately gave an alarm, to which they knew the certain conſequence of being deaf.

[To be continued.]

THE OLD MAN.

Tranſlated from the German of Geſner.

HOW lovely are the ſun beams of the morn, that between the hazels and the prickly wild-roſe, play on my window! how blithe the ſwallow twitters on the ſcantlings of my roof! how ſweetly ſings the little ſoaring lark! all nature's wide awake, and every plant inhales freſh vigor from the enlivening dew; even I ſeem young again—my ſtaff ſhall aid me to the open air, there on my threſhold will I ſit me down; there face the riſing ſun, and view the verdant proſpect—how beautiful is every thing I ſee! all that I hear is harmony and praiſe. The birds in the air, the ſhepherds on the plain, their chearful ditties ſing: the lowing herds around, on fertile field or watry dale, ſtill as they graze proclaim their general joy, aloud exulting. Oh! how long, ye Gods, how long ſhall I remain a living witneſs of your bounty? Full ninety years already have I ſeen the varied years in their courſe return; and when revolving o'er my former days back to the hour that gave me birth, delightful retroſpect! whoſe diſtant bounds yet fade upon the ſight—O, then with what emotion glows my heart! the unutterable tranſports that I feel—My tears of grateful joy, ye gracious Gods, are theſe not thanks too poor for all your goodneſs? Ah! flow my tears, flow down mine aged cheeks—When I review the paſt ſcenes of my life, I ſeem to have lived a long, long ſummer's day; my gloomy moments but as tranſient ſhowers, that cheer the plants and fertilize the plains. No ſickneſs e'er hath viſited my flocks, no blight my trees, nor hath misfortune dwelt beneath my cottage. How delightful was my future proſpect, when in their infancy my playful children ſmiled in my arms, or hung upon my hand! Proud of thoſe tender ſhoots, and looking forward to their future growth, mine eye ſhed tears of joy. I will defend them, (ſaid I) from ſiniſter accidents; I will watch over them as they grow up to maturity. The Gods will ſecond my efforts, and theſe young plants ſhall be fruitful. They ſhall become ſpreading trees, and mine age ſhall find repoſe under their cool refreſhing ſhades.—— Thus as I ſpoke I claſped them in my arms and preſſed them to my breaſt. And now the Gods have bleſſed them—lo! I find beneath their ſhade that cool delicious ſhelter I foretold. Thus have I ſeen thoſe poor trees flouriſh—thoſe filbert ſtems and the rich apple trees, that in my youth I planted round the cottage, now do they ſpread their ſhady boughs, and yield a pleaſant ſhelter to mine hut.

The greateſt ſtroke misfortune ever gave, was that I felt, when my dear Mirta, leaning on my breaſt, expired within my arms. Twelve times the Spring hath ſtrewn thy grave with flowers.—But now the day, the happy day is at hand, when near to thine, my bones muſt mouldering lie. Perhaps this very night may prove my laſt.

Oh with what pleaſure do I behold my grey beard waving on my breaſt, and witneſſing the goodneſs of theGods! ye little zephyrs ſport in the ſilver hairs that from my chin deſcend: ah! not leſs fair, than are the locks of youth, or thoſe that flow in brown and ſhining curls on the white necks of blooming maids.

Be this a day of gratitude and joy! I'll call my children round me; all ſhall come, my little liſping grand child too, and here I'll ſacrifice unto the Gods. Their altar at my threſhold ſhall be placed, and, with my hoary temples crowned with flowers, my feeble hand ſhall once more ſtrike the lyre, whilſt all in concert join to ſing their praiſe—then, ſtrew my table with the choiceſt flowers, we will eat the victim and expreſs our joy. Thus ſpoke Palemon; when riſing up and leaning on his ſtaff, he called his children round him, in the midſt, the good old man making a feaſt to the honor of the Gods.

Still evening came; and now Palemon, filled with a ſecret preſage, thus addreſſed his children: "Come let us viſit Mirta's tomb, there ſprinkle wine and honey all around, and end our feaſt in hymns." They repaired together to Mirta's grave, where the good old ſhepherd embracing them, in a ſacred extacy, was, in the midſt of his embraces, converted into a Cypreſs, whoſe mournful boughs ſhade Mirta's grave.

The ſilent moon ſtood ſtill to ſee the ſcene; and all that ſit beneath that Cypreſs ſhade, feel holy tranſports, while their eyes flow with pious tears.

GENUINE ANECDOTE,

Of Dean Swift.

DR. SACHEVEREL, in conſequence of a moſt inflammatory ſermon, preached before the Lord Mayor, on November 5, 1709, was impreached at the bar of the Houſe of Lords, in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, for high crimes and miſdemeanours, &c. Having been tried before the Lords, and found guilty, he was ſilenced for the ſpace of three years, and his ſermon was condemned to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, which ſentence was rigidly executed.

When this affair was over, the miniſtry took very little notice of him, and treated him with great indifference; but upon the rectory of St. Andrew's, Holborn, being vacant, the Doctor applied to them for that living, but they paid no regard to his ſolicitation. Upon which he wrote to Dr. Smith, with whom he had a very ſlender acquaintance, to requeſt his intereſt with the government for that pariſh; and ſet forth how much he had ſuffered for them and their cauſe. Dr. Swift immediately carried this letter to Lord Bolingbroke; then Secretary of State, who railed much at Sacheverel, calling him a buſy intermeddling fellow, a prig, and an incendiary, who had ſet the kingdom in a flame, which could not be extinguiſhed, and therefore deſerved cenſure inſtead of a reward. To which Swift replied, "True, my Lord, but let me tell you a ſtory. In a ſea-fight in the reign of Charles II. there was a very bloody engagement between the Dutch and the Engliſh fleets; in the heat of which a Scotch ſeaman was very ſeverely bit by a louſe in his neck, which he caught, and ſtooping down to crack it between his nails, many of the ſailors near him had their heads taken off by a chain-ſhot from the enemy, which ſcattered their brains and blood about him. On this he had compaſſion upon the poor louſe, returned him to his place, and bid him live there at diſcretion; for as he had ſaved his life, he was bound in gratitude to ſave his." The recital of this threw Lord Bolingbroke into a fit of laughter, who when it was over, ſaid, "The louſe ſhall have the living for your ſtory;" and ſoon after Sacheverel was preſented with it.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

SUCH is the depravity of modern taſte diſplayed in the female exterior, that a diſcerning philoſopher might be induced to believe that the beautiful ſymmetry of nature was regarded as an actual deformity. Formerly the conſummation of beauty was a waiſt ſqueezed into the ſize of a pipe-ſhank. A tough pair of ſtays was neceſſary to remove that odious excreſcence above the hips. In conſequence of this unmerciful bandage, the fair one's head grew big, her eyes were almoſt ſqueezed out of their ſockets, the vital roſe decayed, and finally the *pretty creature* died with the conſumption. But the tide of faſhion has produced a moſt ſingular reverſe; even an unconſcionable magnitude about the waiſt is now *beautiful*, and our *taſty damſels*, ſhrouded in a huge *chemiſe*, cut a moſt reſpectable daſh. Theſe things we may obſerve are emblematical of their future deſtiny: they are a forcible intimation of their ardent deſire to aſſume that *charming* rotundity and protuberance of waiſt for which nature ordained them, and one cannot behold the *dear* cylindrical creatures, ſtrutting like animated hogſheads, without ſuppoſing them in the laſt ſtate of their extremity.

Q.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

On hearing a Lady *who was ſomewhat* Coquettiſh *ſay, ſhe would marry none but a* Man *of* Good Senſe.

SOPHIA ſays a man of ſenſe ſhe'll wed;
Nor for a blockhead deck the bridal bed:
But, while her ſmiles the fool and fopling ſhare,
What man of ſenſe would woo th' unthinking fair?
Shall wit and genius meanly condeſcend
To vie with fools!—with fribbles to contend!
No!—let the nymph, if worth meets her regard.
Her buzzing flies and humming drones diſcard.

O.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

A LOVER'S OATH.

ALTAMONT TO MATILDA.

BY all my hopes of mercy in an after ſtate I ſwear
To be as true as truth herſelf;
To be as Chaſte, in Friendſhip, for thee, as Chaſtity,
And pure, in thought, as Purity.
Witneſs, Inviſibles, my ſolemn oath, and attending
ſpirits waft it to "Heaven's Chancery" above,
A faithful record of Eternal Love:
That when I die I may peruſe it there,
And Saints, aſtoniſh'd, tell—how true a mortal were.

Jan. 15. ALTAMONT.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

To Mr. K. L. K.—In imitation of him.

HOW pleaſingly glided my days,
When Colia could baniſh each care;
My woodlands reſounded his praiſe,
I gave all diſtreſs to the air.
With hearts bound in friendſhip we rov'd,
Nor fear'd the approach of the night;
His preſence alone them I lov'd,
Each ſcene ſtill renew'd my delight.

My kidlings they ſport in the mead,
My flocks now are teeming with young;
The dance of the green oft I lead,
Or ſoothe my deſpair with a ſong.
But ſtill in thy abſence I find,
Each bliſs as imperfect at beſt;
I picture my friend in my mind,
While doubts are diſturbing my breaſt.

Then deign, my dear Colin, again,
To viſit with friendſhip my cot;
Alleviate my boſom from pain,
In thee let all care be forgot.
Then roving we'll waſte the long day,
Each chooſe out the damſel he loves;
If Phœbus his ſplendor diſplay,
With jollity ſeek the alcoves.

STREPHON.

SUPERSTITION.

A Fragment.

——POH!—I deſpiſe your *death-watches*, ticking in the night—your *howling* of dogs, and *hooting* of owls—your *ſpilling* of ſalt, and *winding ſheets* in candles—they are beneath the conſideration of a man, who has one ſpark of philoſophy.

But——replied Eugenius—why do you, when playing at whiſt, chooſe the *lucky chair*—and place your antagoniſt in the "*place of the loſer?*"—or what is the reaſon, why after a run of ill luck, you leave off playing in a pet? Is it not, my friend, that you believe the fortune of one game has an influence on another yet to be played? The cards run againſt you, you ſay. I'll give you an anecdote, and a ſea-faring one—and you know ſeamen have as much experience in *ſupernatural agencies* as any claſs of men.

On board a veſſel, which, by the by, had combated contrary winds, a gentleman was a paſſenger, who, from the want of proper tools, thought it beſt to let his beard grow, rather than to ſhave: but the ſeamen would not let the paſſenger have his choice—as, while he had *that beard* on, they *knew* that head-winds would continue—accordingly, ſhaved he was—the wind came about—and the veſſel was wafted into her deſired haven.

INGRATITUDE.

HE that's ungrateful has no guilt but one;
All other crimes may paſs for virtue in him.

Philadelphia, *Jan.* 16.

A ſhort time ſince a moſt horrid and inhuman murder was committed by Matthias Cutlip, at Newton, in the county of Suſſex New-Jerſey, on the body of his wife, and from the beſt information is as follows:

Cutlip had been butchering ſome beef for a neighbor, and returned home ſomething inebriated, and ſays to his children, I have been butchering cattle to day, and now I intend to butcher your Mother! The cries of the children, the entreaties of the wife, (who was ſix months advanced in pregnancy) would avail nothing; the wretch! the monſter in human ſhape, ſeized her and gave three ſeparate ſtabs, one of which was mortal! *How ſhocking to humanity! How degrading to human nature!* He then attempted to make his eſcape, but was apprehended and is confined in the priſon of that place.

His puniſhment will afford an inſtructive leſſon to thoſe that are too fond of the Jug of Rum.

Extract of a letter, dated Norfolk, Jan. 1. 1796.

You know the game which has for ſome time paſt been playing at this place with reſpect to fitting out *(under the roſe)* veſſels on account of the Britiſh government. But they are about to carry the *joke* ſtill farther. They have at this time a number of agents, it would ſeem, in the adjacent parts of Virginia and North-Carolina, purchaſing up horſes for their ſervice. Theſe horſes are to be collected in the vicinity of this place where forage is collecting and where ſtables have been erected for their reception. Some 20 or 30 have already arrived, and will I ſuppoſe be forthwith tranſported to the Weſt-Indies there to act againſt the French. I ſuppoſe there muſt be ſome ſecret article in the treaty which compels us to allow them to collect a body of cavalry in our country to act againſt the *common enemy*, eſpecially as it is perfectly conſiſtent with our "ſtrict and impartial neutrality." But the ſubject is too ſerious to admit of trifling—and it is from the bottom of my heart that I lament—that I mourn the fallen ſtate—and I had like to have ſaid, *the laſt liberties of my country.*

A letter from London of the 5th of Nov. received by the packet, contains the following information. That M. Monneron was empowered to treat of peace, even to the relinquiſhment of Auſtrian Flanders; the negociation with the Britiſh government was commenced, and proceeded with ſpirit for ſeveral days, when, in conſequence of the party who ſent out M. Monneron being thrown into the minority, probably on the queſtion relative to annexing the Low Countries to the French republic, new inſtructions were ſent to him, in which he was ordered to inſiſt on annexing Belgium to the republic as an indiſpenſible ſtipulation. In conſequence of this the negociations were immediately broken off, and M. Monneron returned to France.

The war was growing unpopular, on account of the ſcarcity, which occaſioned great ſufferings among the poorer claſs of citizens.

A letter from capt. David Dewer, of the brig Eagle, dated at Naſſau New Providence, Dec. 25th, 1795.

"To Mr. George Sibbald, Merchant in this city, mentions, that having ſold the brig Eagle, at the Havannah, he took his paſſage in the brig Telegraph, capt. Marrines, and ſailed from thence on the 11th do. for Philadelphia, that three days after they were caſt away on the N. W. end of the great Bahama Keys, and with much difficulty ſaved their lives, and about two thirds of the ſpecie on ſhore and after ſuffring the moſt extreme hardſhips 7 days on a Barren Key, they were taken off by the Ranger Privateer belonging to that place."

A letter from a gentleman in Charleſton, of the 31ſt ult. mentions "That Chief Juſtice Rutledge, on Saturday laſt, attempted to drown himſelf, but was taken out of the water by ſome negroes. It is ſaid, he has diſcovered ſymptoms of derangement for ſome weeks paſt."

From the London Courier, Nov. 9.

The pious theft; or, The widow and her orphans, a true ſtory, founded on the late ſcarcity of bread.

While our ſchool books are full of the generous inſtances of devoting life to principles in an heroic age, and among a people for whom futurity had no terror, let us record a late event to which Birmingham was witneſs, and upon the authencity of which our readers may rely.

A widow woman went one morning to a baker's during the delivery of bread to the people, and, taking up a loaf, hurried away with it to her home. The baker obſerved it, and followed her immediately.

The houſe to which he traced her wore the appearance of a neat poverty—ſluttiſhneſs was not there to degrade misfortune.

When he entered the room, he ſaw the *loaf divided between three children*, who devoured it with the moſt ravenous haſte.

He taxed the woman with the fact, which ſhe did not heſitate to acknowledge.

"I know, (ſaid ſhe) I muſt ſuffer for the theft, and I am content to do ſo, but not to ſee my children periſh."

It is not eaſy at all times to verify the complaints we hear, and the *baker* doubted the *widow's ſtory*.

"I fear (ſaid he) you are accuſtomed to ſuch actions, and live by theft—What have you in that cupboard?"

"Look (ſaid ſhe) and ſatisfy yourſelf."

He perceived a diſh, which he thought had meat in it, and exclaimed, "I ſuppoſe this was ſtolen alſo?"

"Look nearer it and judge," ſaid the wretched mother!

The man approached, and beheld the *remains* of a *dog!!!*

He ſhuddered! His eyes filled with tears! His hand ſpontaneouſly ſought his pocket; he put *half a crown* into her hand; and charged her to call frequently upon him!

The man went to the wealthy part of his cuſtomers, and told the ſtory with the plain eloquence of truth. He produced a *liberal ſubſcription* for this poor family; and has been the happy inſtrument to preſerve *worth*, beyond what Poets have immortalized in paſt ages.

WORCESTER, Jan. 6.

On Chriſtmas day laſt, Lieut. Joſiah Pierce, aged 73, and Sarah his wife, aged 69, of this town, dined at their table with nine ſons and their wives, and ſix daughters and their huſbands, making 15 of their own children, all of one father and mother, and fifteen of their children in law. What is ſomewhat remarkable, each of the ſons began the world with nothing but their own induſtry, and are now farmers in proſperous circumſtances, and each of their daughters have married men of reſpectable property. A circumſtance ſo extraordinary, perhaps, connot be found in the annals of our country.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 9.

We hear from Fort Waſhington that General Wayne has left the army on a viſit to Philadelphia, and that General Wilkinſon has taken the command at Greenville.

Court of Apollo.

The following beautiful lines were written by a young gentleman in Paris, to his miſtreſs, on the night before he ſuffered under the guillotine.

THE hour that calls to death is near,
It brings to me no throb of fear;
The breaſt that honor arms, can brave
The murd'rer's ſteel, th' untimely grave;
But thou, to whom I gave my heart,
From thee forever muſt I part,
And leave my mourning love to ſigh?
Ah, what a cruel taſk to die!

To-morrow, my cloſ'd eyes no more
Shall gaze on beauty I adore:
To-morrow, fadd'ning every grace,
Unceaſing tears ſhall bathe thy face;
To-morrow, chill'd by death's cold graſp,
This hand no longer thine ſhall claſp;
From thee forever I ſhall fly—
Ah, 'tis a cruel taſk to die!

ODE—BY A LADY.

I ENVY not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage or ſtate;
Give me but innocence and health,
I aſk not to be great.

I in this ſweet retirement find,
A joy unknown to kings,
For ſceptors to a virtuous mind,
Seem vain and empty things.

Great Cincinnatus at his plow,
With brighter luſtre ſhone,
Than guilty Cæſar ever knew,
Tho' ſeated on a throne.

Tumultuous days and reſtleſs nights,
Ambition ever knows,
A ſtranger to the calm delights
Of ſtudy and repoſe.

Then free from envy, care and ſtrife,
Permit me, heavenly pow'rs,
To paſs a pure, unblemiſh'd life,
And crown with peace my hours.

ANECDOTE

Of Philip, King of Macedon.

THOUGH Philip, king of Macedon, loved flattery on particular occaſions, he nevertheleſs kept a man in his ſervice, to tell him every day before he gave audience, "Philip, remember thou art mortal."

Philip, riſing from an entertainment at which he had ſat ſome hours, was addreſſed by a woman who begged him to hear her cauſe. He accordingly heard it, and, upon her ſaying ſome things not pleaſing to him, he gave ſentence againſt her. The woman immediately, but very calmly, replied, "I appeal."—"How," ſays Philip, "from your king? To whom then?" "To Philip when faſting," returned the woman. The manner in which he received this anſwer would do honour to the moſt ſober prince. He afterwards gave the cauſe a ſecond hearing, found the injuſtice of his ſentence, and condemned himſelf to make it good.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

The CYNIC—No. II.

[Concluded.]

ARE ye, O delud'd fair ones! the creatures of a day? Does exiſtence receive its irreverſible termination here? No:—you are immortal then? Heirs of immortality attend! The eternal mandate is proclaimed, GET WISDOM! *Will the affections concentrated in a ſound attain this glorious pre-eminence? Can the mind pervading no farther than a ball or gaming table, imbibe influential knowledge? Teach your hearts to move in uniſon with the precepts of benign virtue, with equal celerity to your bodies moving to the ſound of muſic on the* hallowed floor *of a dancing-room. This would indeed make you ſucceſsful candidates for an immortal wreath of verdant beauty! To whom do I addreſs myſelf? Or who will attend to my ſolemn admonitions? Can the be-ſpangled meteors floating down the meandering ſtream of faſhionable diſſipation give ear to inſpired expoſtulations? No: it is preſumptuous arrogance to expect it—Perhaps there is one, one fortunate female whoſe ſuſceptibility may be touched——Bliſsful idea! Could I but realize it! then would my brow for years contracted into an unceaſing frown, catch a momentary relaxation, and a drop of unſullied joy ſilently diſtil upon my ſoul!——*

Hear! I have been a fond, doating, infatuated parent, and was ideally bleſſed with a daughter, beautiful as the cherubic imparadis'd nymphs. With idolatrous rapture I contemplated the external graces of my blooming girl. Affluence rolled upon me, and I aſſiduouſly expelled reflection from my boſom. This fluctuating ſtate of exiſtence was virtually my all.

Careſſing my lovely offspring, initiating her in the faſhionable madneſs of courtly parade, was my chief, my exulting ſolace! Stella was graceful, fame confirmed it, and I imagined her perfect. My wife was a powerful auxiliary in ſupporting our complete deception. Engroſſed by apparent innocence, ſimplicity and beauty, we did not revert to our Stella's wanting every realy ornamental qualification, poſſeſſing every ſuperfluous one. Years rolled on in a delightful inſenſibility, and worldly miſeries never once arreſted my attention—Yet now begins the tempeſt of my ſoul; *Stella, our worldly all, eloped in the giddineſs of falſe maxims and a blind educat on. She was deluded and ruined—'Twas now the mighty fabric which full-blown hope had reared began to totter. The deluſion fled, the phantom diſappeared! A long night of torpid darkneſs overſhadowed my ſoul—My wife ſunk under the preſſure, and breathed her laſt in anguiſh inexpreſſible! I ſought the ſeducer, ſupported by enthuſiaſtic rage; but he was gone. After many fruitleſs enquiries I found my Stella. But horror unutterable! I found her in a wretched apartment, extended on a miſerable matraſs, and all around indicated poverty and* variety of wretchedneſs—*Pale, wan, and haggard were the once blooming cheeks, and dim the luſtre of her once ſparkling* orbs! *Frightful penury had exhauſted its calamities upon her, and her eyes were cloſing in death! She caſt her eyes upon me, and reproach was in the glance—her ſpirit fled!—but that heart-rending look planted daggers within me! it ſaid, "you are the fatal criminal cauſe of my o'erwhelming miſery—you taught me the ways of inſenſate folly—in lieu of dictating precepts of wiſdom, humility and religion, I was fatally inſtructed in every oppoſite tenet—Learn, learn ye females ere ye paſs the mounds!*

ANECDOTE.

AS a pretty number of culprits were one day going to take their laſt degree at Tyburn, the wife of one of them preſſed through the crowd, and told the ſheriff ſhe had come to ſee her huſband executed, and begged "that he might be hanged firſt in the morning, as ſhe had a great way to go home."

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

PRIDE is as incompatible with true gentility, as pedantry with a well cultivated mind. It is not always in the power of adventitious affluence to conceal the want of birth and good breeding; the low idea, and affected conſequence, will betray themſelves on every occaſion, and prove the origin of the upſtart to be rather leſs honourable than it appears to be. Nor is it ſeldom that it meets with humiliating rebuffs, and thoſe not undeſerved, as in the following inſtance:

A lady of the foregoing deſcription, was lately obſerving before a large company, that in her opinion, there were but three ſorts of people: the gentry, the middling kind of people, and the ſervants, or vulgar.—"In ſhort," ſays ſhe, "they may be divided into China, deiſ, and crockery." She had not long made this obſervation, before ſhe ordered a footman who was waiting in the room, to call down the nurſe, and bid her bring with her the child. The man, nettled at his miſtreſs's illiberal diſtinction, went to the bottom of the ſtairs, and calling out, loud enough to be heard by the whole company, Crockery, *bring down little* China. *On his return to the room, his miſtreſs threatened him with diſmiſſion for his impudence.—"Indeed, madam," replied he, "you may ſave yourſelf the trouble, for I am going."*

"BE guarded in thy words," ſaid a quaker to his ſon, "leſt at any time they bear a conſtruction thou doſt not mean, and tend to thy diſadvantage." A caution needful to all; for though the intention may be blameleſs, the expreſſion may only be taken literally, and give offence.

A GENTLEMAN calling upon a friend that lived a good way off, who was attended by a phyſician, aſked the doctor if he did not find it very inconvenient to come to his friend from ſuch a diſtance. "Not at all, Sir," replied the ſon of Eſculapius, "for having a patient in the adjoining ſtreet, I can kill two birds with one ſtone." "Can you ſo," replied the ſick man;—"then you are too good a ſhot for me;" and immediately diſmiſſed him.

FIRE SIDE REFLECTIONS.

SOME time ſince, I ſaw a carter beating his horſe in a moſt unmerciful manner, which raiſed my indignation; I demanded the reaſon of his barbarous conduct, to which he replied with an oath, that the horſe would not draw his load. Poor mortal, thought I, was you to be placed in the ſituation of the beaſt, you would be aſhamed of the human ſpecies, and never deſire to aſſume the form of man again; but on the contrary, would deſire to die like the brute, and be no more—Scarcely a month had elapſed, before I recognized the barbarous wretch, with all poſſible humility handing me a petition to raiſe a ſum to purchaſe another horſe. Barbarous man, ſaid I to him, are you not the very perſon who beat your horſe near the market on ſuch a day. Shame and confuſion appeared on his countenance; he begged my indulgence, with a promiſe never to do ſo again; ſince which I learn, he has aſſumed his original temper, and not only abuſes his beaſt, but benefactors. Thus we paſs on, and endeavour to mitigate the miſeries of man, but find our hopeful endeavours blaſted, and ſcarcely an inſtance of grateful return in a thouſand. Still we have encouragement to proceed, as charity with judgment creates a nobleneſs of ſoul, free from the attacks of the licentious; for by requiting good for evil, we ſhall heap coals of fire upon their heads.

T.

EPIGRAM.

OH let me die in peace! Eumenes cried,
To a hard creditor at his bed-ſide.
How! die! roar'd Gripus; thus your debts evade!
No, no, Sir, you ſhan't die till I am paid.